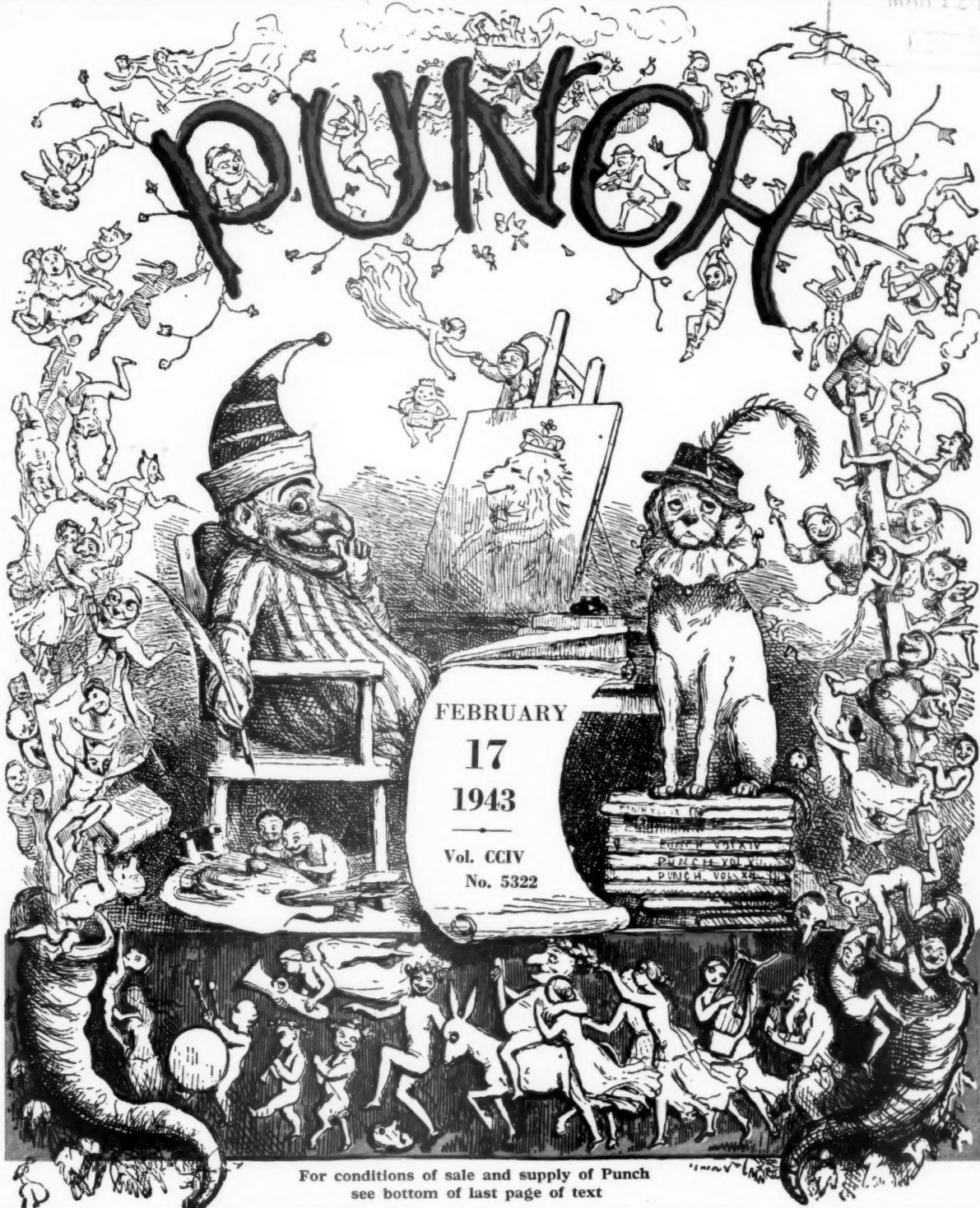


MOTOR-UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED



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For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Imperial Typewriters

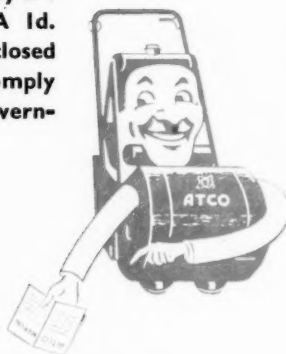
MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN



Have you sent for your ATCO Maintenance Booklet?

LAST YEAR a very large number of ATCO users successfully kept their machines in use by the aid of a series of maintenance hints and tips published in the Press. The ATCO Service Depots—those keen, essential units of the ATCO Organization—are, for the moment, keen, essential units of another kind. They cannot, much to their regret, serve ATCO users apart from giving advice and despatching, in necessitous cases, those replacement parts they still possess.

* **THERE** is still a certain limited quantity of these Maintenance booklets in stock. Please write to your nearest ATCO Depot for your copy at once. They are disappearing fast. A 1d. postage must be enclosed with your letter to comply with the recent Government Order.



CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD., WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM 9

HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHICH ARE THE BODY-BUILDING FOODS?

The human body is constantly suffering wastage. It is the food we eat which makes good this wear and tear on the tissues, and it is the proteins in our food which perform this essential body building. That is why children between the ages of 12 and 15 years—when the really big job of growing is done—have a greater need for proteins in their daily diet than a husky miner working at the coal face.

Proteins are obtainable from animal foods such as meat, milk and eggs, and from certain vegetables such as peas and beans. These proteins, however, differ from the proteins of which

human tissues are composed and are broken down by the process of digestion and then re-formed into body tissue—much as a meccano model of a tank is taken down and rebuilt into an aeroplane.

The most important sources of protein are meat (and don't forget offal), fish, cheese and eggs. Next come cereals such as oatmeal and bread, peas, beans and nuts. Be careful to see that the meat juices which come out in roasting are used for soups or gravy or valuable food elements will be lost. For the same reason, to fry fish is always better than to boil it.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

CROOKES'

HALIBUT



LIVER OIL

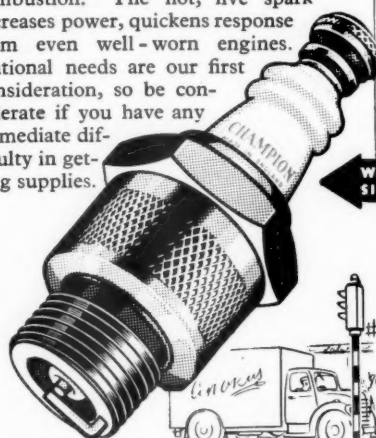
D5

Champion Plugs for quicker acceleration

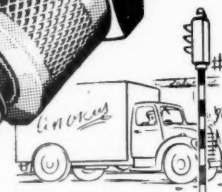
The enduring gas-tight quality of Champions stops leakage and poor combustion. The hot, live spark increases power, quickens response from even well-worn engines. National needs are our first consideration, so be considerate if you have any immediate difficulty in getting supplies.



WITH THE FAMOUS SILMENT SEAL



An exclusive and unique feature of Champion Plugs is the Silment Seal. Silment is a dry powder which when compressed forms a perfect seal against troublesome leakage common to ordinary plugs.



More Vital, more Dependable than ever

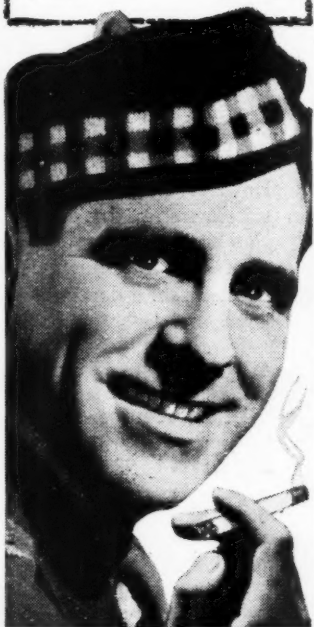
CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED



For our
throats sake
we both prefer
CRAVEN
"A"

10 for 1/-

20 for 2/-



Carreras Ltd. 150 years' Reputation for Quality

C.A. 977

HARRODS

"Through
FIVE
Reigns"

Since the foundation of the firm in the glorious reign of Queen Victoria . . . Harrods has grown from a small shop into one of the largest and most famous stores in the world . . . with a world-wide reputation for Quality and Service.

To-day, under war conditions, we are striving to render the best service possible, confident that we shall maintain that reputation for Goodwill which has been built up over so many years.

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

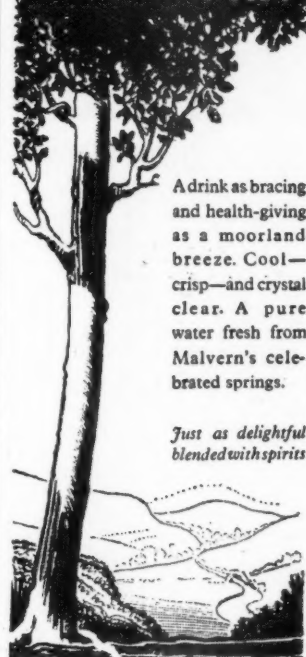


"Tra-lal-lal-la!" Matilda sang.
"It's Wolsey washing day!
So dip your sets in finest flakes;
And hang in breezes gay!"

If you preserve your Wolsey thus
Much shipping-space it saves;
While British women rule the wash
Britannia rules the waves!"

Wolsey

Schweppes
MALVERN SPA



A drink as bracing
and health-giving
as a moorland
breeze. Cool—
crisp—and crystal
clear. A pure
water fresh from
Malvern's cele-
brated springs.

Just as delightful
blended with spirits

RUB IN
ELLIMAN'S
RUB
OUT
PAIN!

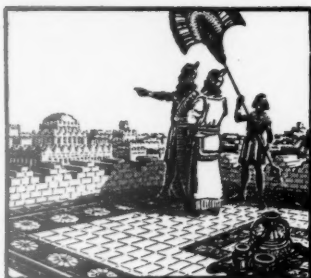
Elliman's has always been precious to sufferers from Rheumatism, Stiffness, Sciatica, Swollen Joints, etc., and is even more so to-day, but

BE WISE—
MAKE IT GO
AS FAR AS
POSSIBLE

THIS WAY



Just pour a 'blob' of Elliman's, about the size of a penny, into one hand, rub both palms together until the hands are well covered and then proceed to rub where the trouble is. Please do not use in a 'wholesale' way.



THE AGE-LONG VALUE OF BITUMEN

5,000 years ago, most of the Assyrian cities were built entirely of bricks. The flat roofs of the buildings were mortared, and caulked with Bitumen to render them damp-proof and impervious to atmospheric effects.

Bitumen, as in days of yore, is still unrivalled as an insulating and rot-preventing medium. PROBIT Bituminous Products are scientifically prepared for use in a host of different ways . . . in structural work, in shipbuilding, and in engineering.

If you manufacture any product in which Bitumen plays a part, allow us to lend our aid in preparing a properly balanced product for your specific requirements.

Research Department
JAMES A. JOBLING & CO. LTD.,
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BITUMINOUS
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**I BELIEVE YOU
LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!**



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture won't give it up for love or money! It has a flavour all its own.

Murray's is scarcer now — but keep on asking! 2/3½ an ounce.

**MURRAY'S
MELLOW MIXTURE**

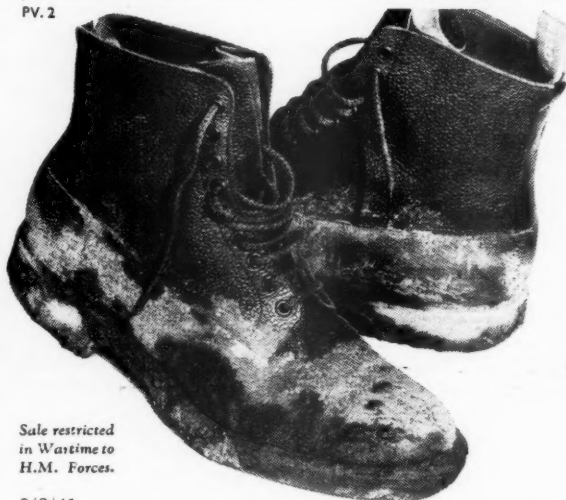
MURRAY, SONS & CO. LTD., BELFAST



HARRIS
*famous for Bacon
since 1770*

C. & T. HARRIS (CALNE) LTD. CALNE, WILTS.

PV. 2



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

2/8/41.

I bought them during the last war, in 1917. They have served me loyally in various parts of the world whilst engaged in somewhat arduous duties in shipyards and dry-docks, on locomotive footplates, and on civil engineering contracts.

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

All shrewd Judges smoke

Orlik BRIAR
PIPES

Find the shape and style of an Orlik pipe that suits your fancy — and you can be sure that everything else is just as you would wish. Orlik London-made pipes are obtainable at many Tobacco shops. Ask for them by name.

L. ORLIK LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

HARDY NOVELTY PINKS



This collection is made up of 6 named varieties, one or two old favourites and the rest new and novel types. **THESE HARDY PINKS SHOULD BE PLANTED IN FEB. AND MARCH.**

FOR THE SIX PLANTS, all named and distinct. **SPECIAL PRICE 7/6**
Two Collections (Post paid), 14/-

BORDER CARNATIONS

Book your order NOW for this wonderful "SPITFIRE" Collection, really splendid value. No need to send cash, we will send invoice with plants in the Spring.

SPITFIRE	(Harlequin)
SUNDERLAND	(White Ground)
WHIRLWIND	(Luscious Red)
MERLIN	(Gorgeous Fancy)
BLENHEIM	(Mauve Shade)
HUDSON	(Rich Wine Shade)

1 Plant of each 10/- 2 Plants of each 10/- 3 Plants of each 27/6

NEW GARDEN PEA

Allwood's "PROLIFIC." The most abundant and delicious of garden peas. Height about 2ft.
Half Pint 1/3. Pint 2/3. Post 2d.

CHIVES. Perennial Onions. Last for years. Per Doz. 6/6

NEW BROAD BEAN. "DELICIOUS" a marvellous cropper of delicious flavour.
Half Pint 1/3. Per Pint 2/3. (Post 2d.)

Allwood's "Best of All" ONION SEED producing medium-sized bulbs of long-keeping qualities. Selected and grown by us.
Per Packet 1/6

Vegetable List, etc., 1d. Post Free

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68, HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX



Steady!

— that's the order in these days of shortage.

However tough on your self-restraint, that extra glass simply must be foregone for the duration; which makes it doubly enjoyable, and doubly precious.

CHAPLINS
CELESTA 14/6
SHERRY
and
13/6 CONCORD
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Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. Estd. 1867
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants, Distillers and Vineyard Proprietors. LONDON • GLASGOW



A "Converter" in action at one of the Brockhouse Branch Works where Steel castings are manufactured.

BROCKHOUSE
THE NAME THAT CARRIES WEIGHT

J-BROCKHOUSE & CO LTD-WEST BROMWICH-STAFFS



I'm going
home to my

PHILCO

Like me, its got a
National job to do
and is doing it well.

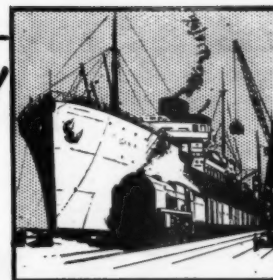
PHILCO RADIO AND TELEVISION CORPORATION
OF GREAT BRITAIN LIMITED

Thanks, Sailor!

You can leave it to the Railways now

EVERY week, every day, every hour almost, ships of all kinds and sizes are bringing vital supplies to these shores, on the first stage of their journey to supplement Britain's war effort.

The next and no less complex stage is left to the railways. It is their task to convey and distribute millions of tons of freight to thousands of destinations—urgent material for the war



factories; food and equipment for the troops; guns and tanks and aeroplanes and the ever-growing personnel of Dominion and American Armies.

The railways carry these vast and valuable burdens safely and efficiently despite the fact that they have released more than 100,000 skilled workers for the forces, and have sent overseas many locomotives and thousands of railway wagons.

BRITISH

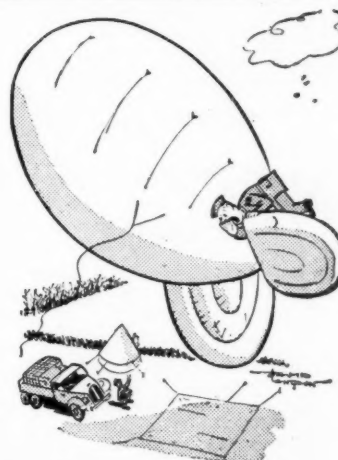
GWR • LMS



RAILWAYS

LNER • SR

Carrying the War Load



Is your journey really necessary?

If you are on the road at all to-day, it must be for some essential purpose which makes it all the more necessary that you should travel safely. The highest degree of safety in the black-out is guaranteed by the use of the HARTLEY HEADLAMP MASK.

From all good Garages and Motor Accessory Dealers.

The **HARTLEY**
HEADLAMP DEVICE

V. & N. HARTLEY, GREENFIELD, WELLINGTON MILLS, Near OLDHAM





FROM AUSTINS TO AUSTIN OWNERS



When you bring the Austin home after a long day of war work, there isn't always time to give it the care it deserves. Minor attentions must wait. But whatever you leave, never neglect lubrication. Remember, it's poor service to the Country to give precious materials needless wear—even on a war job. Replenish Engine Oil weekly. Top up gear box, back axle, and grease propeller shaft and steering gear monthly. Lubricate all points mentioned in your handbook. If you haven't time, get your Austin dealer to do it for you.

Help your **AUSTIN** to help the Country.

● READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE—4d monthly.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD., LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM



The only collar that looks unashamed after a day's work without the help of starch, is a "Trubenised" collar. It stays stiff without stiffeners. It launders easily at home or the laundry. It wears longer than an ordinary collar and does not soil so easily. Its comfort is incredible. It's all in the way it's made.

"Trubenised"

The word "Trubenised" is a registered Trade Mark. It distinguishes articles made by leading manufacturers and processed according to the instructions and under the control of Trubenised Ltd.

TRUBENISED LIMITED · 17-18 OLD BOND ST. · LONDON · W.1



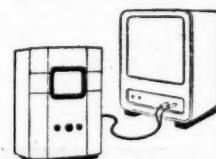
EKCO

BROUGHT IT DOWN TO

In 1939 Ekco broke through the "money" barrier to the popular development of Television by producing the Add-On Television Unit at only 22 gns.! When Television is again available the whole resources of the Ekco organisation will be at the public's service, to help bring Television within the reach of every home!

EARTH WITH THE

ADD-ON UNIT



E. K. COLE LTD., EKCO WORKS, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

CHEMIGUM

—GOODYEAR'S
SYNTHETIC
RUBBER



High in the field of scientific industrial achievement stands 'Chemigum'—Goodyear's synthetic rubber product. Today, we can be grateful for Goodyear's foresight: the Goodyear tradition for pioneering in order to improve resulted in Goodyear's original exploration of synthetic rubber nearly 20 years ago. In 1938, after long and patient experiment, 'Chemigum' finally emerged. But 'Chemigum' is still difficult to produce in the

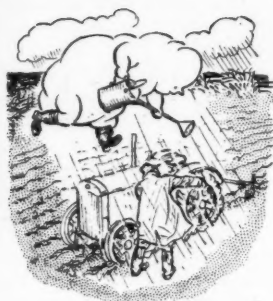
large quantities which are needed today, and its cost is still relatively high. Not a second is being wasted; not a solitary opportunity lost, in overcoming these obstacles. Every day that passes is a day nearer to the mass production of Goodyear's 'Chemigum'.

Meanwhile, the extreme gravity of the rubber supply situation calls for the most urgent effort by everyone. It is a vital national duty for everyone to save Rubber.

Another

GOOD YEAR

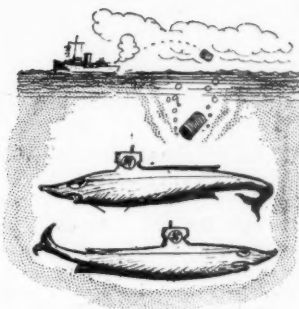
contribution to Progress



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5322

February 17 1943

Charivaria

It is said that special cakes greatly favoured by the Fuehrer are imported from a neutral country. Now we understand the Swiss rôle.

Politicians are stressing the post-war necessity of grasping hands across the seas. A good idea providing the hands are not too grasping.

"Medium Betrayed by Hiccough," says a heading. But it was a message from departed spirits.

"During the past week I have eaten nothing because of violent toothache," confesses a farmer. Idle achers once again.



When a plumber was buried at Nebraska, U.S.A., his tools were buried with him. There's a wife who was taking no risks.

"Epidemic Among Chimney-sweeps," runs a headline. Can it be flue?

A statistical note informs us that it takes hundreds of workers to put our bottle of milk on the doorstep every morning. And very often it sounds like it.

On some stations the railway company is replacing names—removed in 1940 to baffle enemy paratroops—in six-inch letters. On other stations porters will continue to pronounce the names to baffle the travelling public.



"As long as one Axis soldier remains in Tunisia the Allies will be unable to move against the enemy bases in Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica and Rhodes."—*Evening Standard*. Then he must be removed.

Charged with begging, a street musician was stated to have been making £10 per week. He must have found the right pitch.

"The Duce is answerable to nobody," declares a Rome newspaper. Is this a nice way to refer to the Fuehrer?

Under the heading "Hitler Mystery," an American paper asks "Where is the Fuehrer? Is he dead?" Well, if he is, there's no mystery as to his whereabouts.

A suspect was taken into custody after being surprised in an empty London flat. It would surprise anybody.

A bachelor K.C. confesses that he does all his own housework. A self-maid man, so to speak.

During the recent big gale, rain flooded a telephone exchange in the South. It got through.



"WEAR WHITE" RULE IN NEW YORK NOW

Police Commissioner Valentine has asked people to wear or carry something white and has reinforced the police night shift.

Evening Standard.
A good lead.

A woman writer confesses that a dog she bought recently took a dislike to her husband and she had to get rid of it. But surely a keen dog-lover would have got rid of the husband instead.

Tips on Tips

"I HATE the tipping system. I believe everybody does," Mr. Bevin is reported to have cried. I do not suppose he was a pelican crying in the wilderness, yet I am not sure that he was right. Some people love tipping. Having tipped they pass on wrapped in a cloud of benevolence, feeling a sense of happiness and virtue which cannot be secured by a charge of ten or fifteen per cent. for service at the bottom of the bill. Some little remnant belongs to them of the glorious arrogance of our ancestors who threw a purse of gold to the ostler or the keeper of the turnpike bar. And it is difficult to see how those who love tipping can be restrained from this pleasure even if they know that everybody about them is getting a living wage. The tippee may spurn the money, or fling it in the tipper's face, but he has to be nimble and sure of aim as well as a democrat in heart.

Mass observers, among whom I am not the least conspicuous, have often been puzzled by the reactions of tippees. We have noted that some receive their present, irrespective of the actual amount, with marked signs of pleasure, others with indifference, and some few with what appears to be a scowl of disapproval. We think that many of them may be gamblers, and that they gamble on psychology. A man who receives an overlarge tip with every semblance of hostility may argue from the timid face of the customer that next time he will receive a tip twice as large. Or not. Even among eighteenth-century toll-bar keepers there may have been a few who poked about in the mud of the turnpike muttering angry imprecations as if to imply that a whole shower of golden purses would not have come amiss.

It is hard to let old customs die, and we have to remember in the most leisurely parts of the world, if any remain, almost everybody is tippable, and indeed, if any action is to be taken at all, must be tipped. Ministers of State and Government officials have their tariff like other honest men. Justice is not too blind to know how much money is put in either scale, and to give her decisions accordingly.

Even in the West a philosopher might find it difficult to distinguish precisely the ethics of the tip, the bribe, and the special commission, or to say why the *douceur* given to a guard was more damaging to self-respect than the refresher demanded by a K.C.

In England we tip most frequently the staff of restaurants but not those who remain static or hidden, domestic employees but not gardeners, railway officials but not stokers nor booking-clerks, taxi-drivers but not bus-conductors, hairdressers but not dentists, furniture-removers but not carpenters or plumbers, all those who stand outside hotels in resplendent uniforms but not foreign generals waiting for their cars, and all those persons who take and hide away our hats, umbrellas and overcoats, and keep us waiting for hours before we can recover them. One of the principal reasons for the popularity of the cinema as compared with the theatre is said to be the fact that in the cinema we can keep our feet firmly on our hats instead of giving them away to be lost in the vestibule. I do not know about this. In galleries and museums for many, many years we had to give up our umbrellas because somebody once broke a picture. Some people paid to recover their umbrellas. Some did not. Now one can break as many pictures as one pleases without tipping anyone at all. I knew a man who refused to pay tips to hairdressers. He soon became quite bald. I knew another man who refused to pay tips to taxi-drivers. He was

run over by a bus. But this may have been a mere coincidence.

I have not exhausted the list of tippees, but we do not as a rule (or overtly) tip the milk, the vegetables and the meat. They may be tipped (like the postman) at Christmas, but the number of people who may be tipped without losing their self-respect at Christmas-time is rather considerable.

But for the frightened tipper every man's heart should bleed. Gamekeepers and gillies are terrible to tip, and show hardly any mercy as they receive their vails. The most accomplished tipper in literature was probably Mr. Salteena in *The Young Visitors*. Saying farewell to his own housemaid he "silently put 2/6 on the dirty toilet cover, and proposed to give the same amount in the same manner to the footman of his host at Rickamere Hall."

Yet he was not abashed by the necessity of giving fees to the great, when he went to the Crystal Palace to learn to become a gentleman.

"Personally I am a bit parshial to mere people said his lordship but the point is that we charge a goodly sum for our training here but however if you cant pay you need not join.

I can and will proclaimed Mr. Salteena and he placed a £10 note on the desk. His lordship slipped it into his trouser pocket. It will be £42 before I have done with you he said but you can pay me here and there as convenient.

Oh thank you cried Mr. Salteena." He knew his world.

The main difficulty of the timid tipper is to know how much to give and to whom. If he stays at an hotel and decides to add ten per cent. to his bill and allot it in correct proportions to the staff, he is lost in a maze of mathematics and reduced in a short while to tears of despair. His hot hands are full of silver and notes and he cannot tell which of the countless servitors thronging the gilded halls to insult by his meanness, and which to overwhelm by his unexpected largesse.

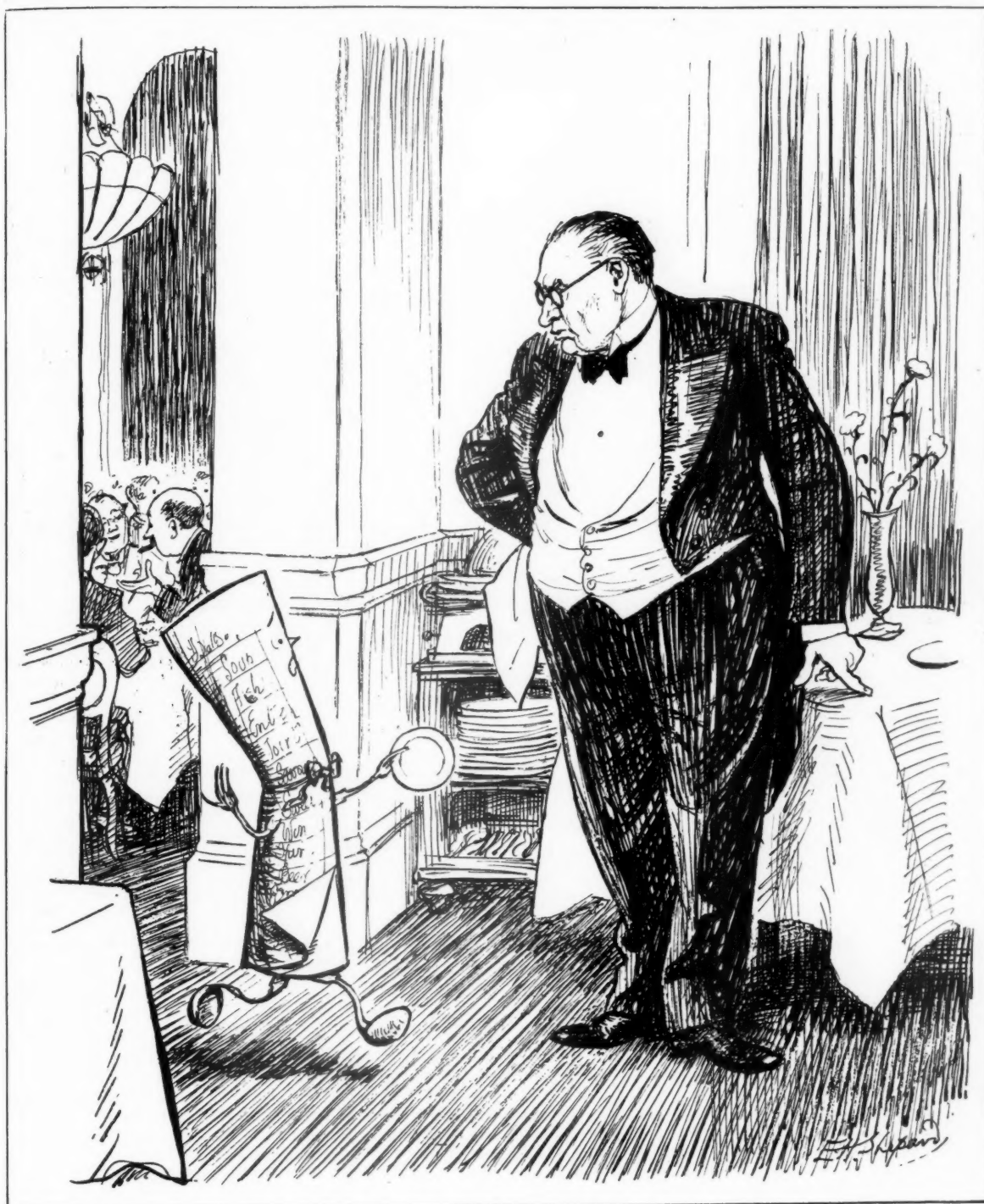
Shapes half recognized and not recognized become indistinguishable. There is a mist before his eyes. He loses all command of his actions and presses uncomputed amounts now upon one recipient and now upon another. Guests, residents, waiters, clerks, receptionists, pages—the words have lost all meaning to him.

At one celebrated London hotel he has been known to tip half the Cabinet. . . .

EVORE.

Thoughts in a Commandeered Hotel

I SHALL come back here on some distant day
To rediscover the Plas Miramar,
That carpetless, dark, caravanserai.
And I shall sit in the Byzantine Bar
(Where steams to-night the Naafi samovar)
And order Clicquot by the jeroboam,
To wash from memory the fading scar
Sustained when this once-Grand hotel spelled home.
And I shall book again Room 134
(Sad walls which I so damnably distempered!
Sad cornices which I touched up with chalk!)
And tread the boards which I need sweep no more;
And sleep till half-past-nine, then go down, pampered,
To breakfast, bringing neither knife nor fork.



CATERING BILL

"That crowd doesn't seem to like me. They think I'm too big."

least there is the hole where the lead used to be; some salvage fiend, I suspect, has been round this way. It is a curiously shaped hole, this, and one wonders how they got a piece of lead to fit it, though of course it may be that they shaped the lead first and then excavated a hole to take it. Whichever way it was you can't help admiring the neat way the job has been carried out.

There is no reduction for the missing piece of lead because, in my opinion, its absence has made no difference to the performance of the club. It was always a poor thing.

Length is the prime requisite in a driver, but mine has no more idea of length than a putter; in fact it has less, for whereas my putter regularly putts right off the green, there have been a number of occasions when my driver has failed by several feet to clear the tee. The point to note here is that a tee is smaller than a green, which shows up my driver in a very poor light indeed.

I am prepared to let this futile club go for a song.

Lot 2.—This club, a spoon, did very well in a four-ball at Barton-on-Sea in 1934. For this I have the word of a tallish man in mustard-coloured plus-fours who borrowed it and afterwards offered me twenty-five shillings for it. I wish to heaven I had closed with him. From that day to this the club has been right off form. I have tried it on flat lies and uphill lies and downhill lies, and once or twice I have given it a go at the sort of lie that is uphill in front and downhill at the back. Wet courses and dry courses, seaside and town courses, short downland turf and the wild windswept grasses of mid-Wales, through field and copse, by whin and hedgerow, over fen and wold, whereon a club may lawfully be swung, this club has had a multitude of chances to prove its worth. And I say without hesitation that it has let me down. It is not a good club. It is a rank bad club. It is, take it for all in all, the most rancid piece of timber that ever thudded to earth three inches behind the object aimed at. Yet there is something I like about it and I shall not part with it entirely without a pang, nor particularly cheaply. If only it would not hit the ground first it would, I am certain, catch the ball a most wounding crack.

I remember telling a well-known golfer about this weakness of my spoons and he suggested I should overcome it by fitting thick soles to my shoes and thus raising myself two or three inches further from the ground. But of course, as I pointed out, this would mean that my iron clubs, which already have a tendency to be higher than the ball at the moment of impact, would miss by a quite ludicrous distance and expose me to mockery on the more crowded courses. He agreed, and there the matter dropped.

Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6.—These are my Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 7 respectively, a shining throng. I have never thought it necessary to buy a No. 4 or a No. 6. Where the distance calls for a No. 4 I take my No. 3 and hit as hard as I can, and instead of a No. 6 shot I take either two shots with my No. 5 or three with my No. 7. Similarly I use my No. 5 as a No. 7, and on wet days I putt with my No. 2. I do this partly to get the length and partly because my No. 2 would not otherwise be used at all.

It is only fair to say that the binding on my No. 5 has come undone.

Lot 7.—It is not often that a golfer desires to send his ball a great way up into the air and bring it to rest a foot or two behind where he is standing, but when he does my niblick is the club for him. There is no trick about this shot at all. Stand facing the ball, with the feet firmly bedded down on the sand, and slice under it with that quick jerky action you use to get an egg out of a frying-pan. Away she goes. Like an arrow from a bow, like a cork from a champagne-bottle, like a mounting skylark, she wings her

way into the empyrean. "She is gone," cries the ardent watcher. "She will never return. See, she has conquered the air and now, like fabled Berenice, flies to take her place among the immortals." But of course the watcher is wrong. Nature must have her way, and at last, if your eyesight is keen, you will see that upward onrush stayed and the ball appear to hover for a breathless second up there in the blue. She is about to stall. Count six and cover up.

I suppose the secret of this exceptional lifting power lies simply in the way the head of my niblick is laid back; it is in fact laid back so far that it has passed the horizontal, and I sometimes wonder whether the club was not originally intended for a left-handed player. It has a left-handed look.

Another point about this club is its astonishing power. Properly handled it will cut a ball in half as easily as a carving-knife cuts up spam, and as often. Altogether the best club in the bag and a jolly un-birthday gift for an ambidextrous grocer.

Lot 8.—There is nothing to say about my putter except that it putts too fast and too far downhill, too short and shakily uphill, and on level greens exhibits every symptom of speliophobia, or a horror of holes. It is rounded at the back, has a thin neck and a slab-sided face and was once, they say, nearly elected a member of the Athenæum under Rule 2. But that was in the days when my grandfather had it.

Lot 9.—The bag has already been adequately reported on, though it may be worth mentioning that a piece of cord can still be seen hanging from the handle, the purpose of which may, to the novice, be obscure. Well, in the old days there was a sort of rubber cup filled with sponge on the end of the cord, and upon this it was my habit, when short of sand, to tee up my ball. The rubber cup I gave to the Government after reading a statement that if only six hundred golfers would make this sacrifice it would mean tail-wheels for another squadron of Stirlings. But the sponge I kept for personal use; it has the advantage of not absorbing all my bath-water.

Upon the outside of the bag you may observe, traced not with a rusty nail but with a spluttering pen, the obscure initials

H. F. E.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

THEY are brave, these people who, behind the scenes, whether at home or in the factories, go quietly about their essential tasks. Air-raids, nights in shelters, lost sleep, nerve strain, all is accepted cheerfully, for they are determined to carry on. Even when they are bombed and lose their homes and cherished possessions, their grateful appreciation of the help given them through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND acclaims the spirit which cannot be broken.

The privilege of service to them is extended to you. Will you help us supply their most urgent needs? If you have helped us with contributions before will you please help us again? If this is your first introduction to the Fund will you please become a subscriber? Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

At the Pictures

"THE MOON AND SIXPENCE" (ODEON)

FILM versions of well-known novels do not usually adhere very closely to their originals, but Mr. ALBERT LEWIN, the director of *The Moon and Sixpence*, has clearly been at great pains to transfer to the screen with as little loss as possible both the tone and the incidents of Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's story. In his reverence for the original he has even retained Mr. MAUGHAM's narrator, who appears in person at the opening and later on dwindles into a voice which offers superfluous explanations of what is happening before our eyes.

The film, like the novel, will please those who mistake a skilful mixture of sentimentality and cynicism for truth to human nature. *Charles Strickland* (GEORGE SANDERS), a stockbroker of forty, is suddenly overcome by a desire to paint. Leaving his comfortable suburban home, his wife and his children, he goes to Paris, and within three or four years is an artist of great though unrecognized genius. In his new character he conforms to the idea of the artist which was popular at the close of the nineteenth century. When the narrator (HERBERT MARSHALL) comes to Paris to beg him to return to his wife, *Strickland* is airily sardonic. "I supported her for seventeen years," he remarks. "Why shouldn't she support herself for a change?" Only when his art is mentioned do his hidden fires throw up a flame. "I've got to paint," he groans through clenched teeth, and the

emissary, awed by *Strickland's* crucified glare, realizes that there is nothing more to be said. The new *Strickland* has a fatal fascination for women, and the wife (DORIS DUDLEY) of a Dutch artist (STEVE GERAY)—a bubbling child-like creature answering to the idea of an artist prevalent in the springtime of the Romantic Movement—leaves

to primitive passion without losing caste, he accepts her devotion gracefully enough, and even confesses to a certain affection for their child. In this environment he reaches supreme heights as an artist, paints a Garden of Eden of which we are allowed a glimpse that reconciles us to the Fall, and as he is dying of leprosy orders his wife, in a last gesture of contempt for mankind, to set fire to his masterpiece. Perhaps Mr. LEWIN will now turn his attention to one of the actual artist-anarchists of the Romantic decadence, and show us VERLAINE or RIMBAUD, WILDE or BEARDSLEY, dying in the Catholic faith.

"THE BRAINS TRUST" (ODEON)

This film of the Brains Trust at work which was made at one sitting, without rehearsal, shows us Dr. C. E. M. JOAD, Dr. JULIAN HUXLEY, Commander CAMPBELL, Colonel WALTER ELLIOT, Miss JENNIE LEE, and the Question Master, Mr. DONALD McCULLOUGH. Dr. JOAD looked much as we had imagined him, only more so, his habit of gazing upwards for inspiration effectively marking the gap which now yawns between him and Dr. HUXLEY, whose modest and patient air expressed the sober investigator

of fact. Commander CAMPBELL, the modern Ulysses, did not quite correspond with our preconceived idea, his air being that of a man who had seen all the far horizons he wanted to, and would deal severely with anyone who attempted to show him another. But the Question Master was as masterly as we had expected, and the visitors hardly less ready in reply than the resident members. H. K.



[The Moon and Sixpence]

MAGNETISM

Dirk Stroeve STEVE GERAY
Blanche Stroeve DORIS DUDLEY
Charles Strickland GEORGE SANDERS

her husband for *Strickland*, who needs practice in painting the female figure. Discarded when she has served his purpose, she commits suicide, and *Strickland* leaves for the South Seas, feeling the need of an island where the sun is hot and the colours are strong. A native girl (ELENA VERDUGO) falls in love with him, and, in accordance with the convention that an artist fleeing from modern civilization may respond



[The Brains Trust]

BRAINS AT WORK

COMMANDER CAMPBELL, MISS JENNIE LEE, DONALD McCULLOUGH, COLONEL WALTER ELLIOT,
DR. C. E. M. JOAD, DR. JULIAN HUXLEY

Training

MOST of the Army jobs that Second-Lieutenant Sympson and I have done so far in South Africa are so secret and obscure that it is impossible for the slightest hint of them to be revealed. Some of them, indeed, have been so wrapped in mystery that even Sympson and I have not known what we were supposed to be doing.

So it was quite a relief when the Adjutant of the Transit Camp rang me up and said:

"Second-Lieutenant Sympson and you will catch the 8.40 train to Nungwhanji in the morning and report to Captain Bhore. You will assist in training native troops of the Cowheli tribe. You will be there for a week only, when the Umpteenth Something-shires will arrive to take your place."

"This," said Sympson, as we made up our beds on the train, "is a job after my own heart. Since we arrived in Africa I have been observing the natives closely, and I have noticed that when they are working on roads and that sort of thing they work in rhythm."

"Rhythm?" I said.

"They sing songs as they wield the pick or the shovel," he said, "and then they all bring the pick (or shovel) down together. It is a curious sight, so different from the English way. In England, if you have six men, two use the pick, two have gone to get the cocoa for elevenses, and the other two are sitting down mopping their brows. These natives out here are different. The only way to get them to work is to allow them to do things all together, like the beauty chorus of a musical show."

Everything was rather at sixes and sevens when we arrived at Nungwhanji. There were a lot of natives waiting to be trained, and there was Captain Bhore, a worried-looking little man, and there were seven English sergeants.

"You fellows will have to get started on the training," said Captain Bhore, "with the help of the sergeants, because I must go to Bulonga to contact the Umpteenth Something-shires when they arrive."

So as soon as Captain Bhore had gone Sympson paraded the seven sergeants.

"These Cowheli," he said, "have got to be trained, first of all to do elementary engineering jobs, such as digging weapon slits. Unless any of you are masters of the Cowheli

language, we shall best teach them by ourselves digging a weapon slit, so that they can learn by imitation."

The sergeants did not seem frightfully keen on digging weapon-slits, but Sympson told them that they need not dig for very long—just until the natives got the idea of how it was done. Sympson insisted on them all digging together, with what he called rhythm, and singing as they dug. Personally I thought it was one of the most ridiculous exhibitions I had ever seen.

They had just got nicely going when a major appeared on a motor-cycle and carried Sympson and myself away to discuss a rather tricky point of sanita-

tion. One thing led to another, and it was three hours later when Sympson and I eventually returned to the training-ground.

The sergeants were still digging, except for one very fat one who had given up the struggle. The natives were enjoying themselves immensely, but the sergeants were less happy, and Sympson had to warn one of them that if he ever again used such language to a superior officer he would find himself on a charge.

Luckily the Umpteenth Something-shires arrived next day, and we returned to our duties at Bulonga Transit Camp.



"Reading from left to right: One double Scotch, one gin-and-mixed, one tonic water, one dry martini, one . . ."



"We're booked for some Ensa visits—see what you can do about entertaining the troupes."

Songs of the Censorship

Adelaide

IN Censorship the rules impress
Upon the staff that working dress
Must be of the most sober kind,
Befitting the Censorious mind.
In consequence, when Adelaide
Turned up in beach pyjamas made
Of crimson silk, without a back,
She very promptly got the sack.
I think this punishment was fair;
Most women would have left it there,
But not so Adelaide—she swore
To have revenge, and what is more
She meant it.

In a week or less,
Advertisements throughout the Press
Said "Come to Adelaide & Co.
(Non-Combine Censorship Bureau).
Your correspondence needs the best:
You write the stuff—we do the rest.
The quickest service in the Trade!
They cut out less—*Chez Adelaide*.
Send twopence for a neat brochure
On 'Censorship—It's Cause and Cure.'"

Nor was that all, for, if you please,
She offered Five-year Guarantees.
Insurance Policies were free,
While for a very modest fee
A Private Code or Secret Plan
Could go unopened.

Well, you can
Imagine how the populace,
In frenzied crowds, besieged the place
With shouts of "We want Adelaide!"
Police and then the Fire Brigade
Were called. She took the Albert Hall,
And even that proved far too small,
While special trains. . . .

Let's cut it short.
The Censor was a decent sort;
He sent some orchids, with a line
Inviting her to dance and dine
At the Savoy, when no doubt terms
Could be arranged between their firms.
He bought out Adelaide & Co.
For fifty thousand quid or so.

* * * * *

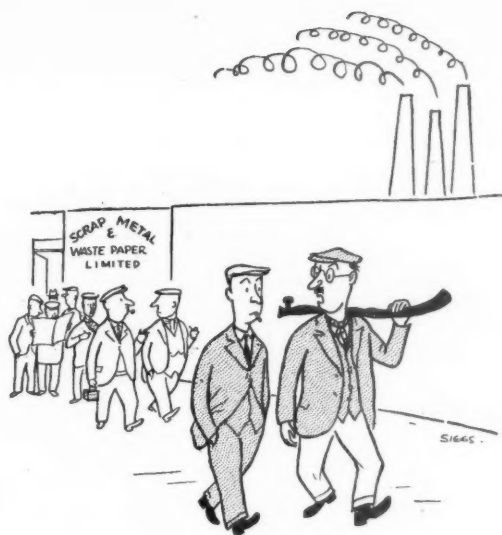
And, by the way, I should have said
She wore a backless frock, in red.

o o

H. J. Talking

ONE of the greatest causes of building is legacies. As soon as the average man gets left money he realizes how tired he is of living in somebody else's house and he sets out to build one of his own. For many years I put in good hard work to get a legacy from a rich Vicar with whom I used to go wool-gathering, he liking to pick the stuff off fences and assign it to the different breeds of sheep. Finally my patience was rewarded and I gained enough to build the house of my desire. Three questions seemed all-important to me. (1) Town or country? (2) Many small rooms or few big ones? (3) Name or number? I decided to build it in Bloomsbury, as this would be conveniently near the furniture shops in the Tottenham Court Road. I decided to have the house hollow, with just one big room, so that when people wanted to come to stay we could reply that we were sorry but there was no spare bedroom. The last question was more difficult because though a number is cheaper to print on your note-paper, a name is better for credit, so with this end in view we called it "The Rothschilds," that being where we said we were staying when asked.

On the whole, the style of architecture I adopted was Egyptian, the house being in the form of a hollow pyramid, which is much more economical than the English method of building, where you have as much space at the top of the rooms, where you don't want it, as at the bottoms, where you do. We were very anxious to have it built by local craftsmen in the local stone, but no one seemed to know where they were or what it was, so we fell back on marble, which I had noticed is always highly thought of. Inside, owing to my wife being weak on geometry, it was very much larger than we had intended, and if you put the beds against one wall you could hardly see the stove against the other. Until we got used to it both of us always carried field-glasses. There being no upstairs we compensated for



"Every day since the schools started this scrap-metal collecting lark, my kid's made me bring a bit home."

it by having a mosaic floor which depicted what the upstairs would be like if we had one.

Unfortunately we did not live in our dream-nest long owing to A Quaint Old Custom by which the ground landlords, a City Parish, were entitled to hold choir practices on the spot, and this they did several times a week, they being a very famous choir and everything being sacrificed to them in the services, including the sermon, though not the offertory. As it was our house, my wife and I used to join in, but this, they told us, counted as brawling. It being, as some people say, either us or them, us is what it was, and we put the house on the market where the agents' clerk described it as a "drugged white elephant." These agents were a very passive firm and apt to sit quietly in their offices waiting for people to come and buy things from them. Coot devised many novel sale schemes, which they said were below the dignity of the firm, among such being, touts, disguised as guests who had actually stayed in the house and found it comfortable, these being instructed to work the arrival platforms at railway-stations, and venal playwrights, who for a consideration were prepared to introduce subtle boosts into their dialogue.

At last we offered it in desperation to the National Trust to hold until it should become historic, which in time it would presumably do, but they short-sightedly said it had to be historic already. We rushed round nursing-homes trying to find a celebrity to die in it, but the few possibilities were put off by my wife's manner, she being so anxious to get rid of it that she shot through the doors and snapped out her proposition without even telling the celebrities how much she admired them. Since the cost of the house was eating up our income, we had eventually to demolish it, and though we sent the bill into the estate agent, whose fault it was, we had to bear the cost ourselves. What with

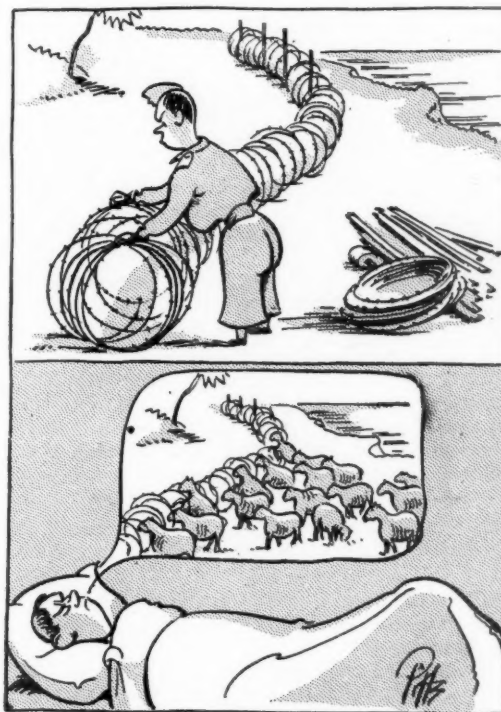
one thing and another this consumed many times the value of the legacy and put us off them altogether, as we explained by circular to those from whom we had apprehensions.

You may have noticed that my life has been very varied and not confined to psychological physics, or, indeed, to science at all. I hold strongly that the human mind to be at its best must react continually to new stimuli, and so that I shall not become lethargic and unenterprising I have an arrangement with Mrs. Oscar's boy that on the 15th of each month he shall perpetrate some practical joke on me or otherwise disturb my equanimity. Sometimes he rings me up and gives a death-rattle over the telephone. Sometimes he liberates snakes in my laboratory. One of his most successful fillips was to change the contents of all my bottles so that when I poured a liquid labelled "Sulphuric Acid" into the middle of an experiment it would really be petrol. On another occasion he abducted my wife and gave her indigo baths, returning her to me with a piece of pumice-stone, thus providing me with a change of occupation for the next two days. The last example I will give of his fertility in friendly acts dates from a time when I was training an ostrich to bury itself in sand completely and not just its head. When my experiment had succeeded about three inches down its neck, one night he rigged up a complicated arrangement of pipes and cylinders which blew laughing-gas up through the sand when the ostrich reached a certain depth. Its uncontrollable giggles were a good fillip and I was grateful for them.

Impending Apology

"PERSONAL.—As ———, Rhondda, Cefn Road, is indisposed and at present in hospital, all his singing engagements will be cancelled for the present. We are pleased to say he is progressing slowly."

North Wales Paper.



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"Doris sends her love and has asked me to play 'Deep in the Heart of Texas' as a reminder of them all at Shepherd's Bush."

Clarissa

THOUGH not, be it said, in a general way
 Addicted to rural pursuits
 (To take an example, wherever there's hay
 I sneeze myself out of my boots),
 Though creatures with horns I prefer at a distance
 I find that I'm driven just now,
 And have been for hours with a stubborn persistence,
 To sing of Clarissa, a cow.

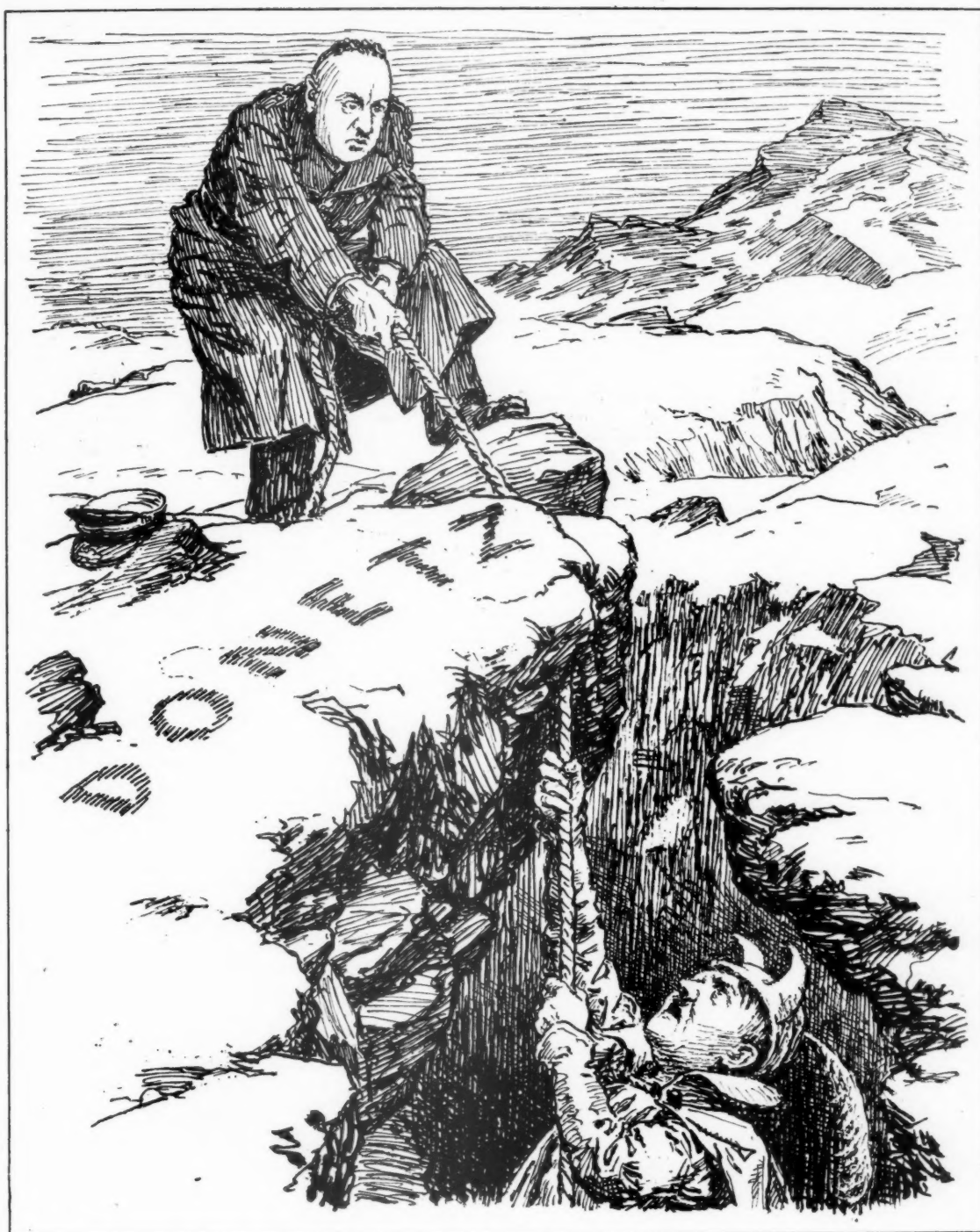
No quadruped she—or preferably It—
 Of flesh, as men put it, and blood,
 You won't see her cropping the mead, I admit,
 Or frugally working the cud;
 She's merely a modern synthetic production,
 A frame artificially planned
 To give the desirable milking instruction
 For girls who have gone on the land.

The genuine cow has too often a trick
 Of swooping about with her tail
 Or giving, when fiddled unduly, a kick
 And thereby upsetting the pail.

When handicapped thus by continuous movement
 The novice's efforts are vain,
 Nor can she develop the needed improvement
 That practice alone can attain.

But see where Clarissa, unique among beeves,
 Stands coolly and placidly still
 While Phyllis, though clumsy at starting, achieves
 Unhampered the requisite skill;
 She's equal to one or a dozen to follow,
 All waiting and eager to learn,
 And when she runs dry and they fill up the hollow
 She shows not the smallest concern.

Then here's to Clarissa, and soon may her fame
 Spread wide through our pastoral shires
 Till every good farmer who's worthy the name
 Has one, if not more, in his byres,
 While, free from the fear of what's coming, the cattle
 May calmly and milkfully browse,
 And land-girls applaud in their workaday prattle
 The latest invention in cows. DUM-DUM.



A LABOUR OF LOVE

["We know what we are worth and we know what we can do. Once Germans stick together we can get the devil himself out of hell."—From a broadcast by Dr. Ley.]

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, February 9th.—House of Lords: Publicist Condemns Secrecy.

House of Commons: A Shock for the Whips.

Wednesday, February 10th.—House of Lords: Flights (Civil) of Fancy and Fact.

House of Commons: The Morning After.

Thursday, February 11th.—House of Commons: A Great Story is Told.

Tuesday, February 9th.—Everybody knows the smooth urbanity of the immaculate gentleman who, in the best restaurants, blandly inquires: "Two, sir?" and subtly leads the way to a table prominent or obscure to tone (so to say) with one's own social standing or notoriety.

To-day the House of Commons, discussing the Catering Bill, which has much to do with restaurants—best and other—might reasonably have been expected to have shown something of that grace and tact.

But the House which slams the door in the face of Black Rod, the King's Messenger, simply because centuries ago some king was uppish, and which formally passes a Bill of its own before considering a Royal Speech, to emphasize its own sturdy independence,



"Take time, while time doth serve; 'tis time to-day,
For secret dangers will attend delay.
Do what thou canst; to-day hath Eagle's wings:
For who can tell what change to-morrow brings?"
From an Epitaph.

"By 'now' I mean just that. Not next year or the year after—but now."—Lord Bennett on Civil Aviation.

likes also on occasion to show its independence of things like urbanity and tact.

And as Maître d'Hôtel WINSTON CHURCHILL, it was announced, did not

propose to do his stuff with a *plat du jour* that particular *jour*, the menu was certainly deficient in both piquant and sweetened dishes. Nevertheless, even the most ardent devotee of austerity must have found the dishes offered slightly overseasoned with cayenne and vinegar.

The *hors d'œuvres* (served at the Question Hour) had a most liberal addition of pepper. Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, having been informed that General Sir ARTHUR SMITH, G.O.C. London District, had prophesied a nation-steady rôle for the Home Guard after the war, replied in his crisply-decisive way that "*authoritative*" (very heavily italicized) statements would be made by *Ministers*.

This gift of rather part-worn caviar to the General pleased those who don't like generals, and puzzled those who think *this* General had had rather a raw deal from fate and the Press.

Members forgot their rôle as disgruntled patrons for a few moments to give a hearty cheer to Mr. CHURCHILL on his return from Casablanca, Turkey, Cyprus, Cairo, Tripoli, etc., etc., but their dyspeptic gloom speedily returned as Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Minister of Labour, was seen to be entering with the "starred dish" neatly served in a dispatch case.

Clearly suspecting that the cooking was not all that it might be, Sir DOUGLAS HACKING, leading the opposition to the Bill, asked Mr. EDEN to allow longer for its mastication and digestion. Mr. EDEN replied that a great strong woman like the Mother of Parliaments did not need such luxuries as extended meal-times, and turned down the request.

So Mr. BEVIN served the Second Reading of the Bill, which proposes to regulate hours, wages and so on in the vast catering trade. He seemed a little flustered, and once referred to "weight of rages," which we all took to be an attempt to assess the strength of the anger against the Bill, but which turned out to be merely a Spoonerism concerning the extent of remuneration.

The burden of the Minister's speech was: "Love me, love my Bill!" and that the measure was of vital importance to the prosecution of the war and to the attainment of the peace. It was an eloquent and persuasive speech which shook the opponents more than somewhat.

Then the critics had their say. It was roughly to the effect that they had not come to stay at the Hotel National Government merely to be fed compulsorily with the hard tack of pure (or even impure) Socialism; that, in any case, the dish served contained

much more than the permitted amount of rationed political controversy; and that the price charged was going to be out of all proportion to the vitamins consumed, anyhow. Head-waiter BEVIN looked as if it would give him



DOUSING THE GLIM.

Lord SNELL moved that Lord BEAVERBROOK's motion on the work of the Ministry of Aircraft Production should be taken in secret.

keen delight to upset the whole cauldron of soup over the dissatisfied clientele, but he remembered that the customer is always right and kept his temper admirably.

It was left to his *commis*, Mr. MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE, a graduate of the High Tory School of Domestic Science, to upset both the cauldron and the entire House by as neat a series of bull-in-a-china-shop rushes as we have seen these many years.

The speech somewhat resembled a clever caricature of a Ministerial speech—except that it was not clever or Ministerial. Mr. MCCORQUODALE chided his Tory critics for being like old-fashioned Manchester School Free Traders. This lost him the sympathy of Sir PERCY HARRIS and his gallant band of Liberals. Then he described the Bill as the pure milk (or honey) of Disraelian Toryism. This lost him the sympathy and gained him the disapproving yells of the Labour Benches. Fortunately, when he was looking around for fresh worlds to offend the

clock (the Bill's most efficient defender) intervened, and the measure was put to the vote.

To the manifest dismay of the Government Whips the critics mustered 116 votes to the 283 of the Government.

Mr. JAMES STUART, the Government Chief Whip, whose forty-sixth birthday it was, did not look at all pleased with the House's present, while head-waiter BEVIN, gazing earnestly at the palm of his hand, was heard to murmur something that sounded like the taxi driver's: "Ere, what's this 'ere'?"

Wednesday, February 10th.—Fairly bounding with enthusiasm, Mr. CHURCHILL was in the House again to-day, and Members gave up listening to a singularly uninteresting Question-hour to watch him and try to follow the jocular running commentary he at once began on the questioners and their questions.

His immediate neighbours, Mr. EDEN and Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, found this vastly amusing. Others, just out of earshot, found it a little disturbing. All the rest found it merely puzzling and—blessed word!—intriguing.

But soon patience was rewarded, for Mr. CHURCHILL gave a public sample of his witticisms. He was asked to make arrangements to prevent Germany from launching a sixth war, this being (in the calculation of the questioner) her fifth.

Mr. CHURCHILL assumed that bright-eyed grin which, to the knowing, heralds a "crack." Said he: "This is a fitting subject for thought, and will receive attention when the present unpleasantness has been concluded satisfactorily."

The Premier mentioned the guidance of the House as one of his motive powers in life. "Will you," slyly inquired Mr. SHINWELL, "accept the guidance of the House in making some Ministerial changes?"

"Yes," said Mr. CHURCHILL. Artistic pause. "On any occasion when it accords with my own opinion!"

Sir DOUGLAS HACKING asked that, in view of the overnight vote, something should be done about—or with—the Catering Bill. Mr. EDEN, all tact and urbanity, promised that the weight of the opposition should not be overlooked, but added that he hoped some progress would be made towards agreement when the committee stage was reached. Sir DOUGLAS looked non-committal.

In the Lords, Lord LONDONDERRY, himself a doughty airman, drew attention to the need for the long view in the field of civil aviation, and asked

that we should give attention to the Winged Future, of which he drew an attractive (or terrifying) picture, according to whether his listeners were "Modern" or "Victorian." Anyway, it seems that *something* is going to happen, and Lord SHERWOOD, for the Air Ministry, was understood to promise, with sublime caution, that we should be *somewhere* in the picture.

Thursday, February 11th.—At last, the great day. Like children long promised a thrilling story, the House had sat through an uninspiring week, waiting patiently for Mr. CHURCHILL to tell the story of his trip to Casablanca, Turkey and many other places. And now here he was, tanned, chirpy, armed with a packet of notes that would have rejoiced the heart of a best-selling novelist, sitting there in the overflowing House, waiting to begin.

There was a roar like the opening of a second front as Members cheered him. Then a silence like a German radio-station when the R.A.F. is overhead.

It was a story well worth listening to, told in a tone of confidence that delighted the House. We had to make the enemy bleed and burn on all fronts as he did on the vast Russian fronts. We had to overcome the U-boat menace, and overcome it we would. Even now the "kills" were mounting steadily, and shipbuilding was more than keeping up with the sinkings.

At the end of this year, said Mr. CHURCHILL, we should definitely be better off in shipping than we had ever been before. And at the end of 1944—better off still.

The House looked glum at so long a vista of war. Mr. CHURCHILL, suddenly abandoning his seriousness, smiled a little as he added "... assuming that the war lasts until then!" Members cheered.

Up in the Galleries, Generals and Air-Marshals whose name and fame are famous the world over sat bunched up in the scanty seating space, with Peers sitting on each other's knees, Ambassadors—including those of Russia and Turkey—herded into the pen called the Diplomatic Gallery. As for the rest of the Galleries, it would have been impossible to have found space for Tom Thumb.

Air-Marshal TEDDER and General ANDERSON of the U.S. Army attracted great attention, but the star of the galleries was handsome Mrs. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, sitting in a shadowed seat, and wearing deep mourning. For her everyone had a smile and bow of recognition. Soon she was joined by Mrs. CHURCHILL and other Ministers'

ladies, and together they watched a scene that may well live in history as—not, indeed, the End of the Beginning, but this time the Beginning of the End, for the Axis.

It was not what Mr. CHURCHILL said that produced that atmosphere of confident optimism. It was more what he left unsaid, and his buoyant mien. Hardly a word about Casablanca, with all its implications and hopes.

There was a ring of the old pride in the cheer the House gave to the announcement that, offered a formal treaty binding us to fight on against the Japanese when the European Axis partners have been humbled, President ROOSEVELT replied: "No, an Englishman's word is good enough for me!"

There was a ring of exultant satisfaction in the cheer which greeted Mr. CHURCHILL's well-merited tribute to the bearing of the battle-worn but brisk Desert Army, striding along as if fresh from the Guards' Depot.

There was a roar of genuine amusement (not unmixed with congratulatory pride) for the P.M.'s reading of a note from General ALEXANDER, saying: "I have carried out your orders to throw ROMMEL out of Egypt, Libya and Cyrenaica. I now await your further instructions."

Changes in the High Command must be made, to prepare for the future. Plans for that future had been framed, in detail and with precision. Just what they were the enemy would find out in due course. Meanwhile, the enemy knew he could not avert his doom and, although he could delay it, we must use every effort to ensure that the delay was as brief as it could be made.

Meanwhile, we could look forward with sober confidence.

Just that. A shortish speech; no fireworks; nothing spectacular. But so calm and confident.

The rest of the debate—except for an admirable couple of sentences from Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD—was anti-climax.

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Things Which Might Have Been Expressed Differently

"— Church, I hear, is carrying on bravely under the temporary pastorate of Rev. J. E. —, formerly of — Church, Liverpool."—*The Christian World*.

o o

Return to Normal

"He extinguished the light, and left the house through the empty window frame. He extinguished the light and left the house by the front door."—*Herts Mercury*.



Blondel rehearses before the committee of the "Friends of Richard" Fund.

More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

DREAMS

DREAMS are more interesting to the people who have had them than to the people who have to hear the plot described at second-hand. Look at what happened to Joseph, who was always coming down to breakfast with a new one. His brethren were lucky to get a price on him at all.

SNOW

The Germans in Russia are only too apt to forget that if you hold a snowflake under a magnifying-glass it seems very beautiful. Yet the Germans used to lead the world in optical glass. It is all very perplexing.

RAIN

The rain falls on the just and the unjust. This has always seemed surprising to some people. But not to me. I've grown to expect it more and more. Another thing that fails to astonish me is the fact that it is always darkest just before the dawn. This sort of stuff doesn't cheer me up. I'm getting used to it. And after all, it is

always lightest just before the dusk, so there you are.

LIFE

"What is Life?" cried Shelley. Well, offhand I'd say that Life is an impromptu, with all the advantages and drawbacks of the genuine improvisation. But Life is several other things as well, mind you. According to Thos. Jefferson (in the Declaration of Independence) it is an inalienable right. Thos. Jefferson's inalienable right was alienated in 1826.

DIARIES

My idea of a strong man is a chap who can read his youthful diaries as interesting documents, without turning red or white, before he burns them. Only a hero can give them (as he is legally bound to do) to the salvage.

LETTERS

What I like about the airgraph is that it keeps the tedious letter-writer within bounds while it forces the postcard-writing yours-in-haste sort of chap to expand a bit. It makes the sprawling writer condense his script

to get all the words in and makes the thrifty ink-saver write bigger to keep visible. The airgraph is a sort of prose sonnet, offering ample scope to anyone who will take the trouble, but providing trouble just to keep you on your toes. And it costs a few pennies, whereas sonnets unfortunately are free (to the writer at least). Even Petrarch never thought of taxing them. Well, you can't think of everything, as Noah said when Shem asked about lettuce for the new guinea-pigs.

NOAH

And speaking of Noah, what did he do about fish for the seals? Not that it matters now, I suppose.

COUSINS

There are two sorts of cousins: those whom you don't want to know, and those who don't want to know you.

AUNTS

It is remarkable how often one's aunts are hurt to the quick. This is possibly because they are quick to the hurt.

UNCLES

"I once met King — the —th," said my uncle. "As the evening wore on we got very familiar. I got more familiar than he did."

TRUTH

Truth is stranger than fiction? Well, what else did you expect? The fact that anything is true is certainly strange enough in itself. And anyhow, fiction is made up by a very decent set of chaps, on the whole, whereas truth is beyond our control altogether.

APHORISMS

An aphorism is a sort of teetotal epigram. It is cheaper, more natural, and perhaps more nourishing and less deleterious, but somehow less stimulating.

MARRIAGE

Marriage is often described as a lottery. I have never heard of a marriage where you make a single small cash payment and then enjoy a few weeks of pleasant suspense followed by the feeling that the loss was well worth it and better luck next time, any more than I have heard of a lottery where the tickets wake you up in the middle of the night to ask if you have left undone the things you ought to have done. Still, I know what you mean.

PUNCH (NOT THIS JOURNAL)

In an excellent old work on the manufacture and enjoyment of punch I ran across the description of a fluid called Rocky Mountain Punch, which calls for five bottles of champagne, one bottle of rum, one pint of maraschino, six lemons, and some sugar. In the centre of your bowl you place a large square block of ice and cover the top of this block with rock candy, loaf sugar, sliced lemons and oranges, and fruits in season. The book tells me that this Rocky Mountain Punch is suitable for a mixed party of twenty and is a "splendid punch for New Year's Day." Well, right here is where a lot of questions crop up. Why a mixed party? Why twenty? Why Rocky Mountain? And why New Year's Day in particular? It might add power to the New Year's resolutions, of course. But I think the reason the author chooses New Year's Day is to cut down on the nonsense about fruits in season. In summer you'd simply be turning the darn thing into a fruit salad. Once you start hurling peaches, gooseberries, loganberries, pears, bananas and watermelons into a punch you might as well finish it off with whipped cream and some stale cake. And chopped nuts.

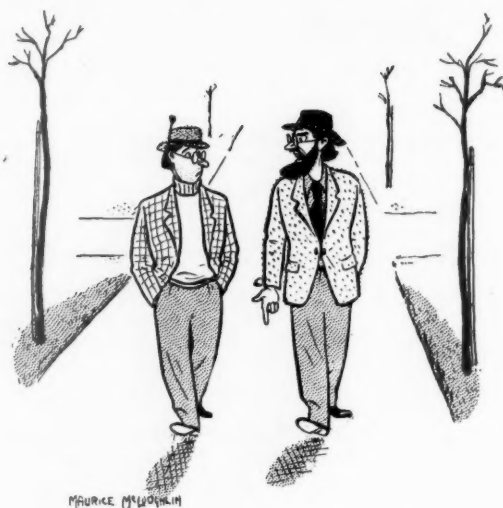
Airscape

WE climbed and circled, and
our course
Set for the distant sea; a thin
Grey cloth of ground-mist straggled
in
Beyond the river to the fold
Between the hills where stands the
old
White landmark of the Saxon Horse.
The clouds like mackerel lay
Dappled, dove-grey
Until the sun's ascent
The altocumulus transformed
From pearl to coral, pink to gold
And then its last scant trace dis-
armed
And chased in ruin to the cold
High corners of the firmament.

The little hills like hunchbacks skipped,
Such hills as nowhere else are known
But Hereford, with copses tipped
And shades of every English green
Upon their sides; and in between
Like a blue ribbon flowed the Wye,
A twisted ribbon carelessly
By children thrown.
Low then we flew beyond the farthest
hill
To those calm reaches where the stream
Winds narrow and the countryside
Basks placid, open, flat and wide
And seems to dream.
Even the cows like painted toys stood
still,
And weeds like drowning women spun
Strange coils that glistened in the sun.



"Dammit, man, there's the instruction in black and white."



"The centre character of the novel I'm writing had to register for military service."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

W. B. Yeats

AUTHORIZED biographies usually give more satisfaction to those who have authorized them than to the general reader, but although Mr. JOSEPH HONE's *W. B. Yeats* (MACMILLAN, 25/-) is largely based on material supplied by the poet's widow, Mr. HONE has evidently been free to write of Yeats with the same sincerity that characterized his excellent memoir of George Moore.

In childhood as in later life Yeats seems to have been ill at ease with other human beings. From ten till fifteen he was at a day school in Hammersmith. "I had a harassed life," he says of this time in *Reveries*, "and got many a black eye and had many outbursts of grief and rage." In his later teens he acquired more confidence. His father, a brilliant talker and artist, had returned to Ireland, Yeats was now at Dublin High School, and pride in his father and in his growing sense of his own powers enabled him to assume an air of superiority to his school-fellows, one of whom, after Yeats had become famous, recorded that "there was something quietly repellent in his manner at school which affected even his manner with his masters." Behind the barrier thus erected between himself and the world Yeats for some years immersed himself in theosophy and in the Celtic legends which inspired his early poetry. But the world of energy, action and passion attracted no less than it intimidated him, and when he met it embodied in Maud Gonne, an Irishwoman of great beauty, inexhaustible vitality and revolutionary tastes, he was completely captivated. Maud Gonne did not return his love, which lasted for many years and overshadowed the rest of his life with a feeling of frustration. His writing has the note of genius, and he was accepted as a great poet long before his death, yet he seldom satisfies the expectation he arouses, perhaps because there was too little of the world in his early work and too much in his later. Mr. HONE speaks of "the terrifying quality" in the poems

Yeats published in 1938. "All the elements of 'blood and mire' are there," he says. At an age when most poets no longer find much imaginative appeal in sex or violence Yeats was writing—

"How can I, that girl standing there,
My attention fix
On Roman or on Russian
Or on Spanish politics?"

and

"Money is good and a girl might be better,
But good strong blows are delights to the mind."

H. K.

The Virtue of Justice

Treading in the footsteps of the greatest English lawyer of the Renaissance—for Thomas More lectured in St. Lawrence Jewry on St. Augustine's *City of God* before he was twenty-one—Sir HENRY SLESSER, late Lord Justice of Appeal, has glorified the traditional tie between Christian philosophy and English law. His title, *The Judicial Office and Other Matters* (HUTCHINSON, 15/-), stresses the most professional of his five brilliant essays, though justice is only one stone—admittedly a corner-stone—in the construction of the *civitas dei*. But though our eroded liberties render the safeguards of the law of the utmost importance to us, there can be no justice without truth. Even Pilate found that his vagueness as a philosopher cramped his style as a judge. And for Sir HENRY, Christianity is truth and its philosophical rendering Thomistic. His first essay, "Form, Faith and Power," describes the rise and wane of Christendom. His second, "The Conflict in the Secular," shows how subsequent churches and states vie in surrendering the Christian's sacramental interest in the things of this world to any Mammon who happened to be going. The competing modern philosophies which have largely blessed this process are summarized at the end of the last essay. But this is a dynamic book: a reminder of spiritual conquests past and yet possible.

H. P. E.

Stories from the French

It is good to get two more translations of M. GEORGES SIMENON, published under the joint title of *Havoc By Accident* (ROUTLEDGE, 8/-), but neither "Talatala" nor "The Breton Sisters" reaches his common standard. The first, confirming everything we have ever felt about the social horrors of aviation, describes how the cloistered calm of a plantation in the Belgian Congo is shattered by the crash of one of Britain's intrepid airwomen, who takes to the best bedroom while her gigolo-navigator is arranging for a runway to be cut through a few hundred five-year-old coffee bushes. The owner of the plantation returns from a holiday in Europe to find this pretty situation. Sex rears its ugly head and drama develops, with a bit of shooting on the side, before things are finally ironed out by the arrival of a new propeller and the owner's strong-minded fiancée, with whom I left him confidently. I suspect M. SIMENON tired of this story before he finished it, and also that whatever may be said about such an unattractive pair of nitwit-adventurers as *Lady Makinson* and her boy-friend, they would have spotted for themselves that their propeller had been smashed. The second story is about the mess a Concarneau fisherman gets into when he fails to own up to having run over a child on his way home. This is the kind of simple human theme which suits M. SIMENON, and it starts well, but only to come off the rails and peter out in an end in which time is arbitrarily telescoped and interest lost.

E. O. D. K.

Men of Kent

It is right that Kent should have her war record published now—not that Kent's ordeal is over, but because *Hell's Corner 1940* (KENT MESSENGER, 7/6) can only serve as an inspiration to all of us. Here Mr. H. R. P. BOORMAN, Editor of *The Kent Messenger*, publishes from much-bombed Maidstone the feats of Kentish men and women and of their military guests—the airmen of the Battle of Britain, the troops who landed at Ramsgate from Dunkirk. Many of these feats he has seen himself. More he has taken down from the lips of actors and eye-witnesses. And how poignantly he recaptures the havoc wrought around him while the Huns were losing six hundred and ninety-seven planes in ten days, and the humour and gallantry that confronted it! For ordinary civilians and professional heroes like railway-men, courage and irony were the only wear. Every siren was nicknamed. There was the "Barming Cow" and Canterbury's "Tugboat Annie." If a tree blew through your roof it was "the biggest aspidistra in the world." Photographs—page after page of them—stress aspects of horror little dwelt on in the text. Their one discreditable feature—the cigarette of a woman warden in a tunnel full of small children—may well stand as an example to deter.

H. P. E.

Genial Villain

On the whole Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON's reputation is not that of a humorist, but the chapter in his new novel—*It Happened Like This* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 9/6)—in which *Gale Swithin* interviews *Bank* has a flavour that would not have disgraced Dickens himself. Very cleverly Mr. HUTCHINSON sets the reader's mind against the genial *Swithin*, and when later on we view his activities through the eyes of one *Wing Norval* a novelist, who tells much of the story, we are less surprised that he should finally suspect him of nefarious practices against his wife's two little nephews than that he should take so long about discovering them. He is very much involved at the time in the love-affair of a friend, an eccentric artist who pretends to be a house-painter, and that may be his excuse. As it is, the good *Norval* having never realized that £50,000 will go at their death to *Swithin's* wife, the little boys get into all sorts of dangers, climb chimneys, sail in leaky boats, are pushed over the edge of a disused mine. It is all well told and very exciting. Few books, however, even in war-time, have demanded a more wary eye for what are apparently printer's errors but might conceivably be booby-traps for the reader.

B. E. S.

New Verse

Parnassus is a mighty accommodating mountain. If the heights are reserved, there is room on the slopes for the thousand lesser singers who have, nevertheless, the true voice. In Mr. EDWARD SHANKS's modest new collection that voice is not unfailing. It is certainly to be heard in the piece that gives its title to *The Night Watch for England and Other Poems* (MACMILLAN, 5/-). To the observer on the coast

Small is the land we guard,
Small is the house I left an hour ago
To keep my watch for it and all the rest.
Small, small am I in this prodigious night.

For a moment, in that last line, the pure vein of seventeenth-century poetry has been again uncovered. Almost all this verse was occasioned, rather than engendered, by incidents in the war. There are pieces on a dachshund's reaction to the German news, on the Danes who resisted the invader,

on official communiqués and what they conceal, on burning grain (in 1931) in railway engines—topics that might genuinely inspire a Spender or an Auden but which have not compelled Mr. SHANKS into expression. This is voluntary verse, not involuntary. Epigrams are another matter, and Mr. SHANKS has written a charming one:

To Hitler says Hess,
"Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes . . ."

It is for the epigram too that one admires "The Man From Flanders." Hazlitt somewhere dilates on the agony of bringing into existence a single new thought—which may have helped Mr. H. L. Mencken to the conclusion that prose was harder to write than poetry. How true this may be of the poetry in this book only Mr. SHANKS can tell us, but the fact that the possibility occurs to us suggests, rightly or wrongly, that on Parnassus he has still to reach the snow-line.

J. S.

Deskside Books

The new volume of *Who's Who* weighs 5 lbs. 13 ozs. It is nearly four inches broad. The first entry is "A. A.", one of Mr. Punch's contributors, and the last is the Reverend Samuel Marinus Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., LL.D., Hon. Phi Beta Kappa, Editor of the *Moslem World Quarterly*. If the book were not so invaluable, nay indispensable, in this country we should recommend that a few copies be dropped on Berlin. Hitler's address is Wilhelmstrasse 77, Berlin W.8, or Obersalzberg, Berchtesgaden, Bavaria. He has no clubs and no recreations.

The new *Whitaker* explains everything, from the solar system to seasonable and unseasonable fish, from a short history of the war to the temperature and sunshine of Totland Bay. It has never been more brilliantly compiled.

For both these books Mr. Punch sincerely thanks the publishers.



"Great Scott, Heathcote—they've got round to censoring menus now!"

At the Play

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION" (ARTS) "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF" (AMBASSADORS)

PLAYGOERS confessing to age or middle-age will be startled to learn that Mr. SHAW's delectable fable of *Androcles and the Lion* is already a generation old. An intellectual farce on the subject of early-Christian martyrdom? Did it shock the St. James's at the end of 1913 any more than it shocks us to-day in revival at the Arts Theatre? Not a whit. For never before and hardly ever since was Mr. SHAW's treatment of a thorny and delicate subject so much to be admired. In this play he was and is as engaging as his own lion, with a polemical thorn in his paw, of course, but with a roar far worse than his bite.

If we care to search dustily back and discover what the leading critic of that day had to say about this brilliantly sustained and brilliantly sensible piece of *espieglerie* we find a notice tinged with the tone of the period. The lion was observed to look remarkably like Mr. Hall Caine. Furthermore "he is a modish lion, for when the thorn is out he joins *Androcles* in dancing the Tango." This latter was a naughty touch of production which should have been reproved at the time, just as we should to-day utter reproaches if the dance-measure of relief at the Arts were the current Conga. Instead it is one of the sedater waltzes of Johann Strauss, which is dignified and leonine.

The critic goes on to observe that the author, for once in a way, tends in this piece to give his propagandism a rest. It breaks out, however, in that speech of the Roman Captain where he explains to *Lavinia* that if the Christian women choose to die, instead of going through the formality of burning a pinch of incense, theirs is not martyrdom but suicide. This particular situation, the critic of the first performance tells us, "caught the applause of the suffragettes in the house." In the present production

it failed to provoke any considerable enthusiasm.

Neither the whirligig of time nor any actress who essays the character seems to make *Lavinia* any the clearer. A serene and smiling martyr, she is asked to state her reason for choosing to die, and she has the glib and wise-sounding answer: "If it were anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for." But this does not take us very far along the road that led to *St. Joan* ten years later, and

makes a good lion which is content to be lion-like and not in the least like any best-selling novelist; Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN winces and wilts amusingly as the Emperor; and Mr. CLUNES makes us enjoy his own enjoyment in his zestful representation of the most muscular of the Christians.

It is, we repeat, a delectable fable. No wonder Mr. H. G. Wells took his children to see it in 1913 and then told a *Times* interviewer that it was not only an intelligent pantomime but "the only decent representation of Christianity on the stage!" (Incidental-music providers continue to be unusually intelligent. Someone at the Arts has the wit to provide *entracte* themes from Saint-Saens' *menagerie-suite*, and from that ubiquitous tune called "The Entry of the Gladiators" without which our music-hall acrobats would probably be unable to stride on to any stage.)

Mr. WALTER ELLIS'S *A Little Bit of Fluff*, revived again at the Ambassadors, is very nearly as old a farce as Mr. SHAW's and is hundreds of years older in argument, shape and essence. Fragments of Menander could doubtless be pieced together to make a boisterous tale of a husband whose entanglement with a minx is discovered by a jealous wife, and is disentangled with the aid of a docile next-door neighbour.

Miss OLGA LINDO deserves a wittier play, but Mr. HENRY KENDALL and Mr. CHRISTOPHER STEELE, respectively jaunty and glum, provide out of their own personalities a tomfoolery which passes well enough for wit.

"Well enough" is presumably good enough for all but the discerning in these days, and the discerning (if we may judge from the current list of London's plays) hardly seem numerous enough to count or be catered for. It must certainly be allowed that the laughter evoked by the old, old japes at the Ambassadors is a startlingly loud and ready echo of that which so long ago kept the Criterion Theatre in a continuous roar through nearly the whole of the last little bit of world-wide bother. A. D.



"Beneath the Blanket beats a Faithful Heart."—Anon.

Maimie Scott MISS CHILI BOUCHIER
John Ayers MR. HENRY KENDALL
Bertram Tully MR. CHRISTOPHER STEELE

perhaps we should not to-day let the quizzicality of that and other of *Lavinia's* remarks worry our noddle any more than they seem to worry the noddle of the serene and smiling young lady who always enacts her. In the Arts production—a wideawake, colourful, and intelligent presentation, by the way, directed by Mr. ALEC CLUNES—this complacent enigma is presented in the usual way by Miss PATRICIA LAFFAN.

Fortunately everybody else, though comparatively flustered, is perfectly comprehensible. Mr. DENYS BLAKE-LOCK, agasp at his own humility, is a delightful *Androcles*; Mr. LYN EVANS



"Now, off to school, Master Desmond—and remember not to kick any strange metal object you may see in the street."

The 220th Division

"THEY're great lads, those Russian generals," said Geraghty to me in front of the big fireplace of his cottage beside the bog, where he was giving me a cup of tea at the end of my long walk after snipe; and very welcome it was.

"My wife reads to me all about them every evening," he went on. "And I takes a great interest in them, on account of my having commanded a division in the Great War."

It is so usual for a British general to be able to read and write, that I might have been permitted a little astonishment but that I have always accepted that the Romans were right when they laid down "*nil admirari*" as a motto.

"What part of the line was your division?" I asked. "Near Ypres," said Geraghty. "I was a corporal at the time. It was in the early part of the war, and the General saw me and he says to me: 'Geraghty, there's three or four miles of trench that must be held, and if it's not held they'll have the Channel ports and I don't know what all, and I've only twenty men for you. Can you hold it?'"

"Sure I can, sir," I says.

"It was all we could expect in those days, and it would be no use asking for more. The Government hadn't believed there would be a war, so naturally they hadn't much of an army. What would be the use of it, when there

wasn't going to be a war? And they hadn't any shells either, or none to speak of. But one of them politicians had a great idea. A great idea indeed. Sure, it was a stroke of genius. 'What the Army wants,' he said, 'is shells. Give them shells.' Sure no better advice was ever given in time of war. And what's more, the shells were sent out, and given to the artillery. And the artillery was delighted with them. But all that was long after, and at the time I'm telling of there weren't any, or none to speak of, and there wasn't much infantry either, and the General asked me if I could hold a few miles of trench with twenty men.

"God bless you, sir," I said, 'there's



"Go in brisk-like and look bright, and show 'em 'ow well you're suited to fill the gap."

nothing easier.' For it would have been no use to make difficulties and ask for more. They weren't to be had.

"Well, Geraghty, here they are," says the General. And he points to a bunch of likely lads that is coming along behind him. A bit young, but all right when I tells them the things that they haven't had time to learn. 'And don't let the Germans get through to the Channel,' he says.

"But he looks so grave as he says it, that I sees he sets a lot of store by the Channel ports.

"In that case, sir," says I, 'if it's as you don't want them to get through, hadn't we better look as big and bold as possible?'

"For I thought that to frighten them off might be as good as killing them, and maybe easier.

"Begob, you had," says he.

"Then, sir," says I, 'would you let me have a few cooks and hospital orderlies, and maybe a groom or two

or an officer's servant?—for what we want to hold that line is a division, and twenty men, as you know yourself, sir, can't hardly be made to look like a division. But if I had forty I could do it grand.'

"And I think he had the idea of what I meant to do; for he says: 'Very well then, Geraghty, have it your own way.' And I just scrapes together twenty cooks and one thing and another.

"Did I tell you all this was in the pitch-black night? Well it wasn't, properly speaking; but it was a good hour before dawn, and there was only a smear in the sky, not what you could call light. And the General rides away, and I was left to look after the Channel ports. That's not the way we should do things now, mind you; but we had to in those days.

"Well, I tells the boys to wait where they are, when I had them all together, and I goes along the trench to take a

look at it, which is always a good thing to do if you have to defend a position; and I hadn't gone far in the dark before I found the very thing I wanted, a great long gap in the trench made by shell-fire, for the Germans had plenty of shells, whoever it was that told them that that was the thing to have; and close behind the front line ran a bit of a support trench, and it came very conveniently at that point within a few yards of it. Then I sees what I wants to do. So I get the boys and I says to them: 'Dig a couple of trenches and join up this support trench with the front line, and get it done before daylight, or I'll have you tied to the guns and blown from the muzzles as soon as they get any shells.' Well, that makes them work, and they gets it done in time, and all of them thinks as they're going to have a rest.

"Now, boys," I says, as the sun comes up, 'your work is only just

beginning. You see that — great gap? Well, you come up from the support line and marches past it, and you needn't hurry. But, when you gets past it, you run and you turn down into the support line again and come back, and go past that gap again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, corporal," says one of them. "And how often do we do that?"

"You do it all day," I says. "This line, properly speaking, should be held by a division, and you've got to be a division. They can see you as you go by that gap, going up to garrison this front line, and they've got to go on seeing you until they're sick with fright. And if you can't frighten them away, then you'll have to fight a division of them single-handed, and maybe several divisions. So make yourselves numerous."

"So they marches off then past the gap, and doubles back, and goes by again and again. And after a while I says to them: 'Lookit, boys. There's always a gap behind the back of a company, and you can have a bit of a rest when three hundred of you have gone by; and as soon as twelve hundred of you have gone past you can have a bit longer rest.'"

"Ah, corporal," says one of them, "make it a thousand."

"No," I says. "I'm having big battalions in my division, seeing what I'm up against. But you can have a longer rest whenever a brigade has gone by."

"Oh, corporal," they said, "and how many men are you going to have in a brigade?"

"Ah, well," says I, "call it four thousand five hundred."

"Well, we walks and runs all day, and nobody snipes at us. We were something too big for snipers, it was the German intelligence that moved up to deal with us; we could see the sun on their telescopes; and their artillery didn't bother us much. Of course they shelled the line my division was holding, but they didn't especially bother about the gap where we all were."

"We went on till I calculated I had marched up fifteen thousand men, and said that will be about enough. So I gave the order to the boys to sit down, and they all fell in a heap. And when they were a bit rested I said: 'It's not usual to pay compliments on Active Service, but it isn't every day that one brings up a division just in the nick of time and saves the Channel ports.' For the Jerries never attacked us. 'And is there any of you can give a decent word of command, and give a General Salute?' And one lad said

he could. So he gives the order: 'Boys of the 220th Division! General Salute—Present Arms!'

"And a fine word of command he had, and shouted it out well. It did my heart good to hear him. So I lifts my hand to answer the boys' salute, but not all the way to my cap, for a general gets tired of lads presenting arms. It's not the novelty to him that it would be to you or me. He shouted it out so well that the Jerries heard, and sent over a whizz-bang. And a bit of it catches me on the top of the head and it pretty well knocks me out. At the same time it was worth it, to see those lads presenting arms the way that they did, and knowing at the same time that I had saved the Channel ports."

"Well, a general loses his job when he gets wounded, and after that knock on the head I never remembered things the way that I used to. I suppose that I reverted to corporal. On the other hand they may have made me field-marshal, as they did to some of the others. I never knew. Or, if I did, I don't remember now. But I'm thinking it was neither the one nor the other; for everyone for miles round here calls me General. Sure, you can ask them yourself."

ANON.

Fuel-Scheme

THIS, dear, is what I'd thought out, and the way in which the whole scheme was received by the Committee has upset me very much. I don't mean that I'm angry, or even distressed—in fact I'm perfectly calm, and I must ask you, dear, to pay no attention to the state of the room. Anyone is liable to pick things up or to put them down again rather at random, and the knitting-wool would probably have broken in any case. War-wool is like that.

As I was telling you, the absence of *esprit de corps*, as the poor French call it, in Little Fiddle-on-the-Green is really deplorable. One hardly knows what to make of it. You see, dear, my plan was for *saving fuel*. . . .

Certainly, it was the Government's plan as well as mine. I realized that from the beginning. We may have differed as to details, but the idea was the same. Save fuel, I said, and you will be helping to win the war. In fact, I put that very point, in those very words, to the Committee. . . .

No, dear, they didn't deny it. Even the Committee didn't go so far as that.

So I then said: "Now," I said, "we must take it in turns to have a fire in the evenings, and all sit round it together. First in your house, and then in mine," I said—naturally, addressing the whole Committee. "The plan has the advantage of being simple, practical and neighbourly, and I happen to know," I said, "that it has the full approval of Major Lloyd George."

Wouldn't you have thought, dear, that that was enough for anybody? . . .

Well, I *am* telling you, dear, and what I may happen to be doing with the olive-wood paper-knife is neither here nor there. . . . Nonsense, dear, it *couldn't* have hurt you.

Your Aunt Emma was the first to speak, and since she is your aunt I don't propose to utter a word on the subject. Not a word. I simply feel that your Aunt Emma is totally devoid of any vestige of patriotism, and that she is, to all intents and purposes, a monomaniac on the subject of your poor Uncle Egbert's rheumatoid arthritis. If he can cut down laurels by the stack, as I distinctly saw him doing last Saturday afternoon when I went past the house, he can surely walk a mile or two for the sake of joining a pleasant fireside circle. Though why I use the word pleasant is really more than I can say, for Miss Dodge and Miss Plum both—let alone the asthmatic sister who as usual said nothing except to agree with Miss Dodge—were anything but pleasant. They very absurdly declared that there was no place like home—which, as I very nearly told them, was never meant to apply to a Cake-and-Gift Shoppe with black-and-orange crockery stacked all over the living-room sofa as it too often is, and that perpetual smell of kettle. But nothing could move them, and Miss Plum went so far as to say that after standing over the gas-cooker and the washing-up water all day, they simply didn't *want* a fire in the evening.

I merely looked at her, and at Miss Dodge and the sister on the other side of the table at the same time, and passed straight on to your Cousin Florence.

As you perfectly well know, dear, she and I were at school together, and are the greatest friends, and I thought there wasn't a fault of hers that I didn't know. But I was *staggered*, neither more nor less, when Florence raised some perfectly foolish objection about walking a couple of miles in the black-out. "But, Florence," I said, "what is a fall or two in the open country? It isn't as if you were being asked to throw yourself about on a

hard London pavement. If you and the dog can't manage a perfectly simple country lane of which you know all the turns and twists, and the place where the water comes over the road, and the corner where they simply will not clear away those logs, then," I said, "put the dog on the lead." And Florence, believe it or not, said that the dog on the lead did more than anything else to trip her up, even in broad daylight. And you know what she is, dear—when I suggested, as kindly as possible, that in that case the dog should join the Army, as I believe they're wanted to be trained as messengers or something of the kind—she simply began to cry.

I had really no choice but to go straight on to the Battlegates, from whom, frankly, I had expected a certain amount of co-operation, difficult though I know Mrs. Battlegate to be. What the General answered was, I feel certain, unrepeatable, but luckily it was under his breath, and Mrs. Battlegate made quite a little speech—not, I need scarcely tell you, under her breath at all. You know how distinctly she always speaks.

And why she should feel that we all see quite enough of one another in the day-time without rushing miles through the night to huddle round a gas-stove,

is more than I can tell you. But naturally, it isn't going to work if the General insists on absolute silence all through the nine o'clock news, and Canon Pramm wants to take his mind off the war and play bridge, and Mrs. Pledge is continually suggesting that Cyril should play us something on his xylophone, though it always upsets his father. . . .

No, dear, I didn't ask old Lady Flagge, because she wasn't there, and in any case, she never returned my dear mother's call, although, if my memory serves me, it took place in the late summer of 'ninety-seven. But poor Miss Flagge spoke, if you can call it speaking and not squeaking, and said that she felt her mother wouldn't fall in with the idea at all, because of the petrol shortage, and besides, they always burn wood, so that coal doesn't upset them in the least, and they can both knit in the dark, and in any case they go to bed at half-past nine. I had my answer, dear. In that case, why shouldn't we all come up to the Hall and save our own light and fuel? No, dear, she had nothing to say to that. As a matter of fact, for some reason or other I never actually said it. . . .

Very well, that's the end of the olive-wood paper-knife. I must ask

you, dear, to make no comment whatever. *Something* is bound to get smashed in a total war, I suppose. And if we put the two halves in the fire it will all help to save fuel. E. M. D.

No Complaints

GRUMBLING? Who, I? I'm not grumbling; I am stating a fact. If the whole of our earth began crumbling As its great final act And I whispered "Well, here goes the planet, And here we go too," You would answer "Stop grumbling." Well, Janet, It wouldn't be true.

I do not refer to misfortune Unless it is novel. I do not lament, or importune Your pity, or grovel. If I say I was struck by a comet, A bus, or a ghost, It isn't a grumble. Far from it. It's more of a boast.



"What's this they're playing?"
"Much Idabo about nothing."

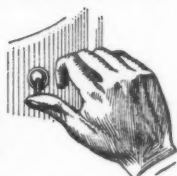
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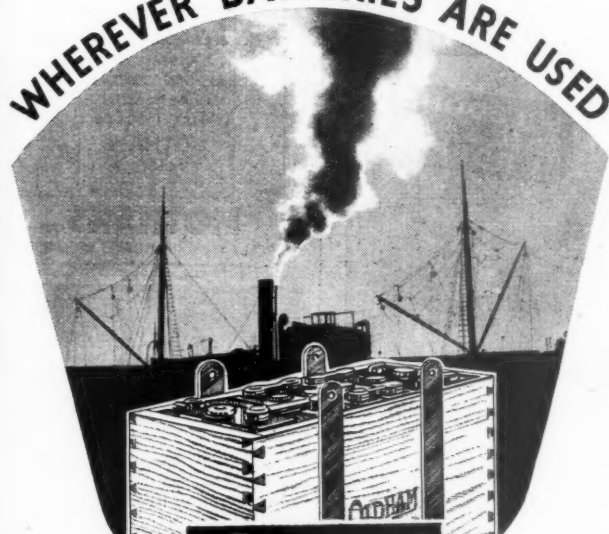
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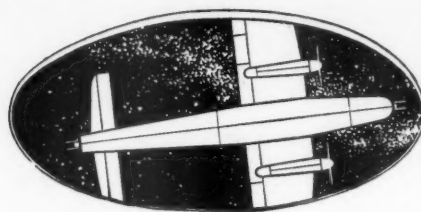
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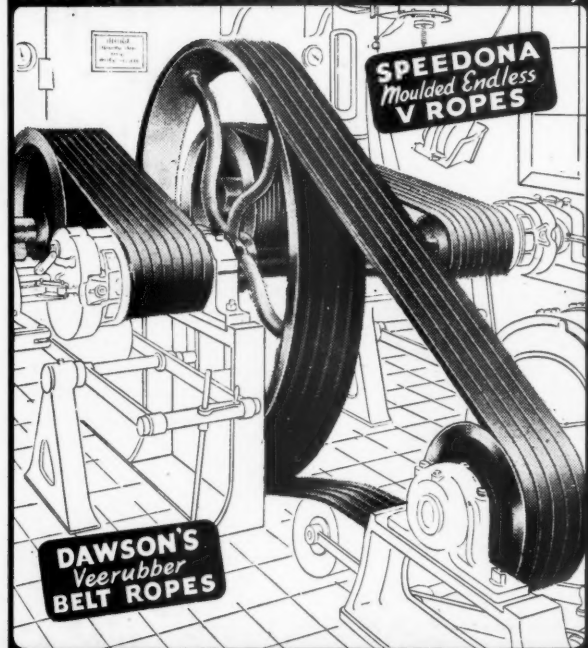
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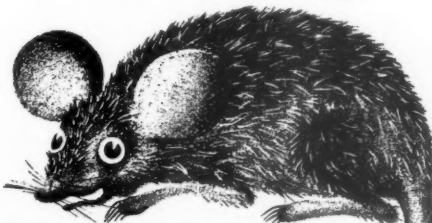


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